

MY STORY. (HISTORY)

MY NAME - MARGARET SYMES - NEE MARGARET ROBERTS

FATHER - DIED AS PO WAR IN MALAY

PRIVATE LESLIE JOHN ROBERTS No VX55846

MOTHER - MARGARET ROBERTS

I WAS BORN 17/11/1940.



REMOVED BY AUTHORITIES FROM MY MOTHER DUE TO NEGLECT ON 6/7/1943, PLACED BY CHILDREN'S WELFARE IN ROYAL PARK

I WAS FOSTERED TO MISS HALLETT OF FAIRFIELD, VIC, 29/9/1943 AN ALLOTMENT OF 10/- WEEKLY WAS ALLOWED FOR ME FROM FIGHTING FORCES FAMILY WELFARE BUREAU. 2/8/1944.

MY BROTHER - LESLIE ROBERTS WAS PLACED ELSEWHERE.

INSPECTIONS OF FOSTER HOME MADE 10/9/1947, FUNDS MADE AVAILABLE FOR SCHOOL FARES, BOOKS, ETC, LEGACY ASSISTS INSPECTION AND REPORTS 19/12/1950

HISTORY OF PLACINGS -

6/7/43 - ROYAL PARK RECEIVING DEPT

29/9/43 MISS HALLETT, FAIRFIELD

20/11/55 C/E GIRLS HOSTEL, BRIGHTON

24/6/56 BOARD - MRS JAMES 126 CLIFTON GUE, COBURG

4/8/56 C/E GIRLS HOSTEL BRIGHTON

15/3/1957 JAPANESE ASSETS - \$32 ALLOTTED

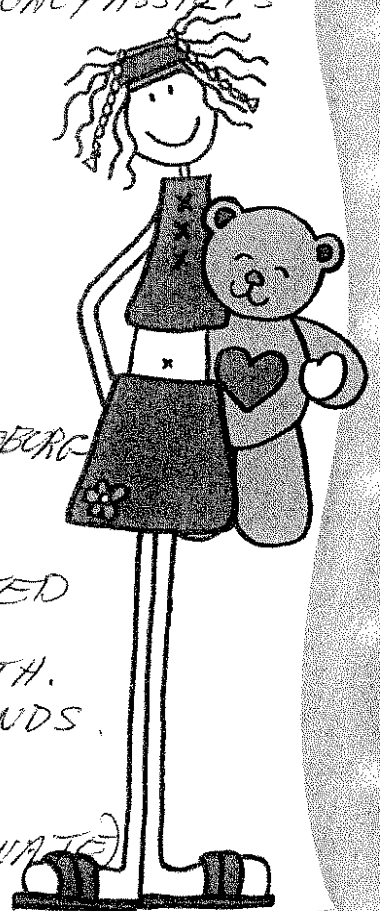
NOV 56 MOORAKYNE HOSTEL, ROBORN-HAWTH.

5/3/57 STANHOPE LEGACY HOSP. + HARELANDS.

11/12/57 SPRING HOUSE HOSTEL

DEC/58 51 NICHOLSON ST ABBORSTFORD (PRIVATE)

END OF WELFARE'S INTEREST.

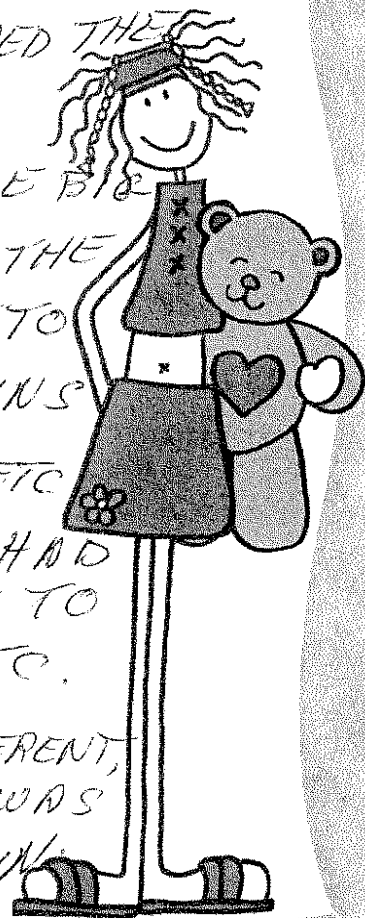


MY STORY

As a young child I NEVER QUESTIONED MY IDENTITY, ACCEPTING AUNTY FLO, UNCLE HARRY, MAY AND BERYL MY TWO ELDER SISTERS AND ROSE, MY YOUNGER SISTER. WE WERE THE POOR FAMILY, DRESSED IN HANDMEADOWS, WALKING A MILE TO SCHOOL, AND BACK, TWICE ON SUNDAYS TO CHURCH. OUR FAMILY WERE SALVATIONISTS SO WE KEPT TO OURSELVES, SOCIALISING WITH OTHERS FROM THE ARMY. WE WERE - INITIALLY HAPPY. THAT'S HOW IT WAS. AUNTIES AND UNCLES WERE ADOPTED FROM THE ARMY, THEIR CHILDREN OUR COUSINS. IT WAS VERY STRICT. WE DIDN'T DARE DISOBEY, ANSWER BACK, ~~AB~~ AUNT OFTEN REMINDED US - CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD AND WE COPPED THE STICK OR STRAP SHOULD WE FORGET.

ROSE AND I MADE OUR OWN FUN - LIFE WAS ONE BIG ADVENTURE. FROM EARLIEST AGE I WAS THE INQUISITIVE REBEL CONSTANTLY SENT TO THE PENITANT FORM TO CONFESS SINS FOR TALKING BACK, PINCHING A LOLLY, ETC. IT SEEMED OUR SCHOOLMATES ALWAYS HAD SWEETS WHILE WE WORKED EACH SAT TO EARN A SWEET, DUSTING, GARDENING, ETC.

BY 11-12 - I KNEW WE WERE DIFFERENT, POORER, NOT A NORMAL FAMILY AND I WAS SICK OF CONFESSING FOR EVERY SMALL SIN.



2/ I STARTED QUESTIONING OUR LIFESTYLE, GETTING THE STRAP MORE OFTEN, SENT 2 BED WITHOUT MEALS. MY MATES AT SCHOOL TOOK ME HOME LUNCHTIMES FOR LUNCH AND FREEDOMS DISALLOWED AT HOME. I WAS 12 WHEN I CAME HOME ONE FREEZING DAY TO DAY OUT BY THE WOOD FIRE. I NOTICED A LETTER ON MANTLEPIECE - SAME NAME AS MINE. I QUESTIONED AUNT WHO DEMANDED I BE QUIET. MY IMAGINATION RAN RIOT - I WAS CONVINCED THEY HAD ABDUCTED ME AND TOLD HER SO, SCREAMING. UNFORGIVEABLE - I WAS STRAPPED 4 AGES, BIG RED WELTS - I HATED HER AND TOLD HER SO. AUNT VISITED SICK PEOPLE TAKING CARES 4 THEM. WE HAD TO RUN MESSAGES 4 YEARS, DELIVERING GOODS TO HER CHARGES. THE WRIGHT FAMILY WAS 2 OLD SISTERS AND MR WRIGHT, AN OLD FAT GREY HAIRRED MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR. SODDENLY - I WAS ORDERED TO GO THERE TWICE OR 3 TIMES A WEEK. I HATED IT AS THE SISTERS ALWAYS INSISTED I SIT ON HIS KNEE, PUSHING ME SAYING - HE LOVES CHILDREN. WE WERE ORDERED - NEVER BE RUDE OR ANSWER BACK 2 ADOLTS. I WAS SHOCKED, TERRIFIED AS THAT OLD MAN FIRMLY GRASPED MY WRIST - MOLESTING ME WITH OTHER HAND. I COULDN'T ESCAPE - LURID REMARKS ADDED, I WANTED 2 DIE! HOME - I ANSWERED BACK, REALLY REBELLED, REFUSING 2 GO THERE - MORE STRAP - I PLEADED 4 ROSE 2 GO - MORE STRAP! MORE CONFESSIONS OF SINS. I COULDN'T TELL ANYONE WE WERE TOLD - NEVER DISCUSS PRIVATE PARTS - WHEN I ASKED FACTS OF LIFE - DON'T B RUDE - I DOUBT SHE R NEW! I FLATLY REFUSED 2 GO, STRAP - SHE GOT WELFARE TO SEE ME - I TOLD LADY I HATED AUNT, WANTED A NEW HOME. SHE PROMISED TO FIND ME ONE. NOW AUNT STOPPED SENDING ME THERE - I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE. ONE SUNDAY - I ROSE TO GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

MY STORY.

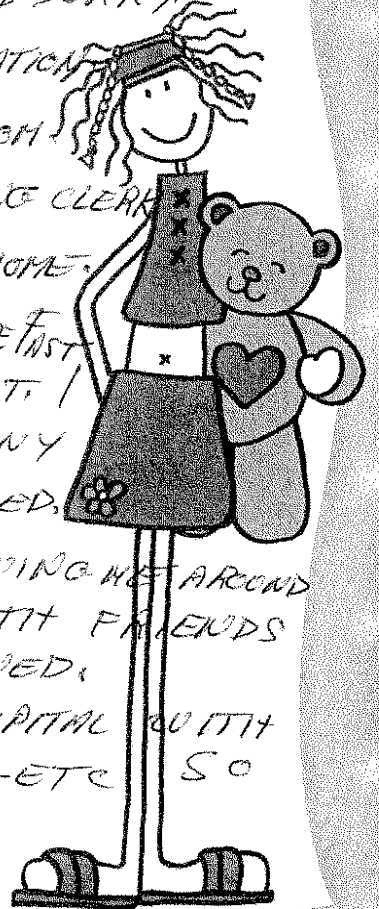
AUNT INSISTED I GO BACK TO BED - I WAS GOING ON A SPECIAL TRIP WITH AUNTY JOAN (SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER). I THOUGHT SHE WAS TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR STRAPS, ETC. I NEVER GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO ROSE - WE LOVED EACH OTHER SO. I'LL NEVER FORGET PONT RD - ASKING WHEN I GET HOME - I NEVER GOT 2 FINISH - AUNT SNAPPED - U AREN'T GOING HOME - I WANTED TO LEAVE - NOW YOU ARE LEAVING - I SCUNK INTO SEAT - CRIED.

I'D NEVER EVEN SEEN A NUN! INTO HOME WE WENT - NUNS TOLD ME - WAIT IN ROOM - I WATCHED AUNT GO WITH OUT ME - BACKEN. FIST NIGHT - IN DORMITARY - I SOBBED - VOICES YELLED SHUT UP - I SOBBED MYSELF TO SLEEP. I WAS WOKEN - ALL GIRLS CIRCLED MY BED SNEERING - THINK UR BIG TIME - MOM CRYING, ETC. THEN THEY BASHED ME FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY. NEXT MORNING THEY CIRCLED MY BED - I CRINGED - SORE AND SORRY. WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD - THAT WAS INITIATION.

FROM SUCH A PROTECTED LIFE, SUDDENLY I HAD FREEDOM! WITHIN 2 WEEKS I WAS WORKING IN TAX DEPT, FILING CLERK STAYING UP 4 OUT TILL 12! I'D BEEN BED BY 8 AT HOME.

I WAS SO NIEVE, IMMATURE, LEARNING ABOUT LIFE FAST. THE NUNS THOUGHT I WAS LEARNING TOO FAST, I WAS MOVED AND MOVED AND MOVED, SO MANY TIMES I RANG AUNT ASKING TO COME HOME - DENIED.

AT COBURG - THE OLD HUSBAND BEGAN FOLLOWING ME AROUND TRYING TO GROPE SO I BEGAN STAYING OUT WITH FRIENDS TO AVOID HIM. THEY REPORTED ME - I WAS MOVED, IN HAWTHORNE - IT WAS HELL - LIKE A MENTAL HOSPITAL WITH CRAZY PEOPLE - SAT - HAIR WASH DAY, LOOKED IN - ETC SO MANY ROTTEN MEMORIES - NOWHERE TO GO!



4/ Moved to STANHOPE - I LOVED IT - IT WAS LIKE ONE BIG FAMILY
I WAS FINALLY HAPPY UNTIL - STANDING IN GARDEN - I WAS
SUDDENLY GRABBED BY A DRUNKEN BOARDER AND RAPED. (IT WAS
NEVER REPORTED TO POLICE - I WAS TAKEN TO A DOCTOR AND
GIVEN REST - HE WAS TRANSFERRED. I NEVER GOT ANY
COMPENSATION OR APOLOGIES - RECORDS WILL SHOW THIS -
I WAS MOVED YET AGAIN.

I GOT A JOB IN A GUESTHOUSE - HAWTHORNE - A WORKER & I
ARRIVED HOME 12 10 - DOORS WERE SHOT AT 12 SO WE
WERE LOCKED OUT - SLEPT IN DOORWAY OF SHOP - I RANG
AUNT ASKING FOR A BED - REFUSED - POLICE PICKED US UP -
I SPENT ONE MONTH IN FAIRLEA JAIL FOR THAT!
I'VE HAD TO RELY ON FRIENDS TO SURVIVE AND I'M
SURPRISED I HAVE SURVIVED. ADMITTEDLY - AFTER MY
RAPE EXPERIENCE I FELT WORTHLESS AND SEX WAS NO
BIG DEAL TO ME, QUITE OFTEN A TICKET TO A ROOF OVER
MY HEAD - NO ONE TO TURN TO OR TALK TO.

I MARRIED, HAD 2 CHILDREN, DIVORCED. LIFE HAS BEEN
TOUGH NO FAMILY TO TURN TO SINCE HE DESERTED
US WHEN MY DAUGHTER WAS 6 MONTHS, TAKING OUR SON.
TRYING TO RAISE HER ALONE IS A SAD, BITTER STORY,
QUITE OFTEN I HAD NO OPTION THAN TO USE MY BODY
TO KEEP A ROOF OVER OUR HEAD WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG.
I REMARRIED WHEN SHE WAS 7 AND SHE HAD A HAPPY,
LOVING UPRISING - UNFORTUNATELY - MY PAST
HAUNTS HER NOW AND WE HAVE NO CONTACT.

I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SON, JUST MARRIED, SUCCESSFUL
BUT I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO ESCAPE MY
PAST OR EXPERIENCE LUXURIES IN LIFE. MY PAST
HAUNTS ME TO THIS DAY.

RECENTLY - I OBTAINED FILES FROM THE FREEDOM

MY STORY.

OF INFORMATION ACT - I STILL HAVE. I WAS TOTALLY APPALLED DISCOVERING I WAS SIMPLY A FINANCIAL GAIN TO MY FOSTER PARENTS, NOW DEAD, APPLICATIONS AND VERIFICATIONS FOR SUCH MINOR EXPENDITURES AS HEALING CREAM AFTER A FALL, EACH DRESS, CLOTHING, DRG FEES - THEY NEVER GAVE ANYTHING WHICH WASN'T ACCOUNTED FOR BY GOVT - CONTINUOUS CLAIMS I NOTE VIA FORMS. GOVT ALLOWED BUS FARES YET WE WALKED A MILE 2 SCHOOL, 1 MILE BACK, TWICE SONDAYS, NOT TO MENTION MESSAGES.

WHY THE GOVT ALLOWED THEM - BROTHER AND SISTER, UNMARRIED TO FOSTER - IS BEYOND COMPREHENSION. IT ALSO EXPLAINS LACK OF CONCERN FOR MY WELFARE AND THE INSECURITIES I LIVE WITH TODAY.

MY MOTHER, FATHER, FOSTER MUM, FOSTER DAD)

(AUNTY FLO - UNCLE HARRY ARE

ALL DEAD. I AM CURRENTLY DIVORCED BUT LIVE WITH MY EX HUSBAND AS I AM ILL, UNABLE TO WALK FAR OR STAND LONG, RELIANT ON A WALKER. IF HE DIDN'T LOOK AFTER ME - WHO WOULD? THE GOVT WRECKED MY CHILDHOOD, SEALED MY FUTURE. RAPED IN A GOVT HOSTEL (LEGACY) WAS HUSHED UP - I WAS SENT OFF INSECURE, NOWHERE TO GO. AMAZINGLY - I COPE, SMILE, ENJOY MY HUMBLE LIFE BUT THANKS TO GOVT MANIPULATION/NEGLECT - THE PAST HURTS

Marg Syme's.

